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# THE CYNTHIANA NEWS.

DEVOTED TO POLITICS, NEWS, LITERATURE, EDUCATION, &c.

VOLUME 7.

CYNTHIANA, KY., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1856.

NUMBER 8

## A Sabbath in Autumn.

BY WM. WINTER.

How gently tolls the village bell  
This quiet Sabbath afternoon;  
With now a pause and now a swell  
Of solemn music, all in tune!

How calmly through the deep blue sky  
The little fleecy clouds are borne,  
How soft the breezes murmur by,  
While all the leafless branches mourn!

It is the calm and lifeless peace  
That tells the course of false decay;  
That changeable nature's pulses cease,  
And life and beauty fade away.

'Tis thus our little lives decline;  
So pass our few and fleeting years;  
While stars of hope delusive shine;  
Run through the misty vale of tears.

But when the weary days are gone,  
And sorrow's mournful dream is o'er,  
Our eyes shall see a holier dream  
And nobler glory than before.

The Baltimore papers give a list  
of the killed and wounded in the elec-  
tion riots of Monday. There were 4  
killed; 14 fatally wounded, and 60 wo-  
unded, some dangerously. Among the  
wounded are 3 women and 4 boys.

Died in Monroe county on the  
26th ult., Mr. Wm. Thrall, Sen., in  
the 90th year of his age—being the old-  
est man in the county.

The snow on Friday was so heavy  
on the Western New York Railroads  
as to bring snow plows into use. Some  
of the trains were delayed in time.

The heroic Sir Charles Napier  
wrote very beautifully and touchingly to  
a lady on the eve of his great victory at  
Meaneen. "If I survive, I shall soon be  
with those I have loved."

An old widow, when her pastor  
said to her, "God has not deserted you in  
your old age," replied, "No, sir; I have a  
very good appetite still!"

The arms of a pretty girl, wound-  
tightly around your neck, has been dis-  
covered to be an infallible remedy in  
case of sore throat. It beats pepper tea  
all hollow.

Accident—Cannon Bursted.—During  
a Fremont meeting in Burlington, Iowa,  
on Saturday night, the cannon used  
for firing a salute, bursted at the second  
fire, by which accident two Germans  
coopers by occupation, were severely  
hurt; one having his left arm so badly  
broken that amputation will be necessary  
to save his life; the other had his thigh  
broken.

The excesses of our youth are  
draft upon our old age, payable with  
compound interest, twenty years after  
death. Just bear this in mind, all you  
fast young men!

A Yankee at Panama sought  
shelter at the American Consul's from  
the earthquake; he thought even the  
earthquake would respect our flag.

A flower of the heart—a wife full  
of truth, innocence and love, is the prettiest  
flower a man can wear next to his  
heart.

ADVENTURES OF A BOTTLE.—A bottle,  
thrown overboard from the ship Adiron-  
dack, on the banks of Newfoundland, in  
September, 1855 containing a letter from  
a lady on board to a friend in Ireland  
was picked up in the river Shannon, in  
August, 1856, and the letter forwarded  
to its address.

New Orleans, it is said, has received  
a new impetus in business the last  
year. Its commerce is now larger than  
any previous year, and the buildings in  
the course of erection involve an expen-  
diture of over two millions of dollars, in-  
cluding a medical college, two spacious  
churches, a synagogue, and other public  
buildings.

RESULT AT CHICAGO.—Douglas has  
been terribly beaten in his own home—the  
Fremonters carrying Chicago by over  
1500 majority! Last spring, the De-  
mocracy elected their Mayor by over  
500 majority! The change has been  
great—a gain for the Republicans over  
2000.

The Shakopee (M. T.) Advocate  
of the 20th, reports the sinking of one  
of the Minnesota Packet Company's  
boats, the Lady Franklin, while on her  
upward trip to St. Paul, and the loss of  
two lives. The event happened near  
Bad Axe, Wis., and was occasioned by  
striking a snag, when the boat imme-  
diately careened and sunk to her upper  
decks. There were on board one  
hundred and seventy-five passengers of  
whom it is supposed two found a water-  
grave.

## Confidences and Confessions.

BY E. W. DEWEES.

The clear, cheerful fire glowed warmer  
and brighter, as the darkness of the winter  
evening gathered without.

Cousin Harry and I sat cosily beside  
it, enjoying the pleasant warmth, and  
giving full rein to our wandering fan-  
ties.

He was leaning back dreamily in his  
easy chair—I, silently musing opposite  
him, with my feet (they were not large  
ones, reader) resting on the low fender.  
My eyes were fixed on the glowing coals;

but now and then I could not help steal-  
ing a glance at cousin Harry's face, in  
order to conjecture the subject of his  
long reverie.

He was in a right dreamy mood, and  
his dreams were evidently pleasant ones  
on the whole, though many varying  
emotions swept across his manly fea-  
tures.

I too, as I sat there looking drowsily  
into the fire, had certain little dreams of  
my own. Did I mention that cousin  
Harry was not my cousin—only a ward  
of my father's, brought up in our fam-  
ily, to whom that title was given by  
courtesy? But that, of course had nothing  
to do with my dreaming, or not  
dreaming.

Harry broke the long silence at last,  
by saying:

"Come and set here by me, cousin  
Olive, I want to tell you something."

I went and took a low seat at his feet  
and leaned my head against his knees, as  
I had done from childhood. Dear  
cousin Harry, how I loved him!

He passed his hand carressing over  
my curls and said,

"Olive did I ever speak to you about  
Miss Rutherford—Miss Mary Ruther-  
ford?"

"No, cousin."

"And yet I have never had, and do not  
wish to have, any secrets from my little  
cousin. But this is proof," he added,  
laughing, "that the old line which says,  
'The heart feels most when the lips speak  
not,' is true. If I have not spoken to  
you of Miss Rutherford, it must have  
been because I have felt too much to  
give easy utterance to my thoughts."

Olive, she is the loveliest creature I ever  
looked upon. I met her last summer,  
when I was traveling in Europe. We  
travelled through Italy together, and  
each day that I spent in her society I  
admired her more. In short, Olive, I  
fell in love with her."

"Yes," said I. I was glad to be able  
to utter even that one word, and so glad  
that my face happened to be turned so  
that Harry could not see it.

"She has just returned to this country,"  
continued he, "and this very night de-  
cides my fate. I sent a note to her this  
morning requesting an interview. An  
hour from this time sees me the happiest  
man in America, or the most miserable."

I clasped my arms tightly round Har-  
ry's knees and I am sure, even in that  
bitter moment, I breathed a prayer for  
his happiness, come how it might.

My tears could no longer be quite  
restrained but Harry naturally misun-  
derstood their cause. He patted my  
head with playful tenderness, and rising  
himself, he raised me too, and kissing  
my cheek, said,

"Thank you dear Olive, for your  
sympathy. I am going now—give me  
your good wishes."

"Farewell, Harry," I whispered, and  
he was gone. How much there was to  
me in one word I had spoken—fare-  
well!

I did not sit up to wait for Harry's  
return as I at first intended to do.

By the time I began to expect him, my  
head ached so, and my eyes were so  
swollen with crying, that I knew it would  
not do for him to see me. So I went to  
bed and laid awake the whole night  
through, and thought of cousin Harry,  
and how kind he had always been to me,  
till my heart ached.

The next morning I was really quite  
ill and feverish, and I kept my room all  
day. But the suspense was intolerable  
to me—I longed to hear Harry's voice  
again, even though his words struck to  
my heart like daggers—therefore when  
the darkness of twilight came I thought  
I might venture; so I slipped on a wrap-  
per, and stole down stairs to the little  
sitting-room where I knew he would be  
sitting by the fireside.

Yes, he was there, and sitting very  
quiet and still. I could not tell anything  
by his face as I entered—but perhaps  
that was because I had not courage to  
half look.

I slipped in very softly behind him,  
and before he could see me, was nestled  
on the sofa by his side, with my face  
screened behind his shoulder.

I thought he would be surprised, or  
pleased to see me—or at least I expected  
him to speak to me; but he never said a  
word—he sat still, looking into the fire.

Then I knew how it was—he had re-  
ceived a bitter—terrible disappointment.  
My heart smote me—what were my  
gulch griefs compared with the deep, manly sorrow which shadowed  
that dear, beloved face? I realized that  
to see Harry unhappy was to me the  
crueler of sorrow—I put my two arms  
around his neck and wept bitterly.

Harry turned then with such a kind,  
gentle smile, and merely said, as he  
drew me to him,

"Do not cry, my poor little Olive, do  
not cry." He soothed me and caressed  
me as if I had been a child. Afterwards,  
he added, in a sterner voice.

"Yes, it is all over now, and I must  
bear my disappointment like a man."

He did bear it like a man. I saw and  
understood all his struggles—his stern  
endurance of his sorrow. I saw how  
keenly he suffered, and yet how bravely  
and cheerfully he bore himself; I  
loved him more and more; and yet I was so  
sorry for him, that if I had thought it  
would have been of any use, I would  
have gone myself to the lady whom he  
was blessed with his love, and pleaded with  
her for him. But for this it was quite  
late. Miss Rutherford was already  
engaged to another when she returned  
home.

But much as I suffered in seeing Harry  
suffer, I had one consolation. He  
did not brood in moody silence over his  
disappointment; he loved to talk with  
me on the theme nearest his heart. He  
liked to tell me again and again, all the  
particulars of his acquaintance with Miss  
Rutherford. Of the pleasant days  
when they traveled together—of her  
exceedingly loveliness, and of the many  
little incidents on which he founded his  
hopes, his almost certainty of her pre-  
ference, and of his utter inability to  
account for the fickleness which had  
prompted her to unite herself to another.

I did not suggest that the superior  
fortune of the new lover might be his  
attraction, for fear of paining Harry; but  
apart from all feminine jealousy, that is  
my view of the case, from which nothing  
can ever change me.

Be that as it may, Harry thought her  
perfection; he sorrowed and grieved for  
her; and I had enough to do to console  
him. Oh, how thankful I felt to know  
that I had the power to do so. And  
when I had succeeded in chasing the  
gloom clouds from his brow, and I saw  
him smiling and cheerful, I felt as hap-  
py as a queen.

One day he said to me,

"My dear, kind Olive, how well you  
know how to comfort me. How should  
you understand so well what I feel and  
need—how have you learned?"

"I have had a similar sorrow myself,"  
I replied, with a trembling voice.

Harry looked at me tenderly, and  
drew me to him—"My poor, little Olive!

I broke from him with bursting tears,  
exclaiming, "don't pity me, don't—I can't  
bear it!"

From this time I often noticed Harry's  
eyes gazing on me with tender, pitying  
interest. I knew what he was thinking  
of, and a blush never failed to rise to my  
cheek, for I trembled for my secret, which  
was, however, never more secure.

Harry's mind gradually regained a  
more buoyant tone. His thoughts were no  
longer confined to a single painful  
topic, and he began once more to take  
an interest in what was passing around  
him. He became more like his former  
self.

We were very much together; the sor-  
row we had shared together had made  
us very near and dear to each other, and I  
am afraid I was a very conscious maiden,  
but I began to fancy that the inter-  
est Harry took in me was deepening.

I could not mistake the glance with  
which his eyes rested upon me—the bright  
smile which welcomed me—approving  
the delight he took in everything I did or  
said.

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am afraid I was a very conscious maiden,  
but I began to fancy that the inter-  
est Harry took in me was deepening.

One day he said to me,

"Lot's of 'em—all named Bill, except  
Bob, his name's Sam—my name is Lar-  
ry, but they call me Lazy Lawrence for  
shortness."

"Well you are most too smart for me."

"Travel on, stick-in-the-mud, I shall  
not hire you for a boss to-day."

Among the novelties of the day  
is a musical automaton that plays upon  
the flute and cornet with remarkable  
precision. His repertoire embraces  
some twenty tunes, from grave to gay,  
from lively to severe; he plays on real  
instruments, the wind coming out from  
between the lips as in a live man. It is  
a wonderful instance of mechanical  
ingenuity, and Mr. Van Eckelen, the in-  
ventor, has spent seven years in its  
construction, and has now brought it from  
Holland to exhibit it in this country.

HUMOR IN RAGS.—We observed yes-  
terday a little thin old man with a rag  
bag in his hand, picking up a large  
number of small pieces of whalebone  
which lay in the street. The deposit  
was of such a singular nature, that we  
presumed to ask the quiant looking  
gatherer how he supposed they came  
there. "Don't know," he replied in a  
squeaking voice, "but I spect some un-  
fortunate female was wrecked hereabout  
somewhere."

"Jenny," said a landlady the  
other morning to her help, "was there any  
fire in the kitchen last night while you  
were sitting up?"

"Yes mar," said Jenny, there was a  
spark there when I went down, and I  
soon fanned it into a flame."

The landlady looked suspiciously at  
Jenny, but the innocent girl went on  
scrubbing and humming "Katy Darling."

A farmer returning home in his  
waggon after delivering a load of corn,  
is a more certain sign of national pros-  
perity than a nobleman riding in his  
chariot to the opera.

"Olive," he said, abruptly, "do you  
believe in second love?"

"Sometimes, in a man," I replied oar-  
lessly; "in a woman, never."

Harry was silent for a few moments;  
he then said:

"Your first position is true, Olive, I  
know it and feel it. But your second is  
flagrantly false, or if not," he added, ve-  
hemently, "I swear I'll make it so. Olive  
you must and shall love me!"

"Do not swear, Harry," said I; "it is  
wicked, and besides, I greatly mistake if  
you do not soon wish that you unregis-  
tered."

He did not heed the light tone of my  
reply, but continued earnestly,

"Olive, the past has become to me as  
a dream of something unreal and tran-  
sitory. The love which has grown in my  
heart for you is founded on surer foun-  
dations. It is entwined with every  
fiber of my being. Olive, I could no more  
give you up than I could part with life  
itself. Dearest, let the past be the past,  
I beseech you, for us both."

"I can consent to a great deal, Harry,"  
said I, giving him hand, "but I can  
never consent to give up my past—my  
dear, beautiful past—and never, never  
can I give up my first love."

Harry turned then with such a kind,  
gentle smile, and merely said, as he  
drew me to him,

"Do not cry, my poor little Olive, do  
not cry." He soothed me and caressed  
me as if I had been a child. Afterwards,  
he added, in a sterner voice.

"Yes, it is all over now, and I must  
bear my disappointment like a man."

He did bear it like a man. I saw and  
understood all his struggles—his stern  
endurance of his sorrow. I saw how  
keenly he suffered, and yet how bravely  
and cheerfully he bore himself; I  
loved him more and more; and yet

PLEASANT RIDGE, KY., Nov. 15th, 1856.  
MR. EDITOR.—You will please give the following in your paper. The first is a note which I wrote to Judge Hudnall, in regard to an insult he offered me on the street. The second is his reply to that note; and as he says "his feelings about the matter," as he has given his privately, I desire to give mine publicly, not only my feelings but my opinion of the man who wilfully offers an insult without one shadow of justification or provocation, and then after reflecting and and knowing that he has trampled upon the rules of politeness and justice has not the honor, candor, or manhood, to acknowledge it, nor the nobleness of spirit to retract it. As to the language he made use of, or the manner in which he endeavored to insult me I would treat (as I did at the time) with perfect derision, and contempt, had it not been that he insinuated something that he took particular pains not to mention, and for which I feel duty bound to call upon Judge Hudnall, to retract if not, to will now insert a copy of my note to him as I reserved one.

PLEASANT RIDGE, KY., Nov. 10th, 1856.  
Judge Hudnall:

Sir:—It has been my misfortune to gain your ill-will, how, I do not know, nor is it my purpose to inquire or to ask any explanation whatever. The object of this note is simply to warn you of ever giving publicity to what you insinuated you would, as I shall defend myself from this attempt at injury, as I would an assault upon my person. I wish to live peaceable with all men, but not to the sacrifice of my individual rights.

I made an enquiry upon the street as to who were the Judges of the election, not of you in particular, but of several gentlemen that were standing close by, when I received an uncivil and ungentlemanly reply from you. I have always treated you with politeness and courtesy, and have never entertained any other feelings for you but those of friendship and respect until of late. I wish this matter to rest here, if carried further I shall give publicity to every matter connected with it.

Geo. W. Swope.

FALMOUTH, KY., Nov. 10th, 1856.

Mr. Geo. W. Swope, Sir:—Your note of this date is at hand, and I now hasten to give you my feelings about the matter to which you have alluded. I thought that after our last meeting, I allude to the one in Watson & Jamerson's Store, that I should hear no more about our difficulty, but you have seen proper to bring it up again. I was prepared to make all proper acknowledgements, and explanations, on that morning, but you refused to hear any, and I now assure you that the offer will not again be made by me. I feel no ill-will towards you; I have always entertained good feelings for you until here of late. You seemed to wish to dictate to me rather more than I allow any man to do. The latter part of your note seemed to come in the way or character of a threat, or warning against giving publicity to what you imagine I alluded to on the morning of the 4th, inst., permit me to say to you in all candor, that you mistake your man. I am not one of those who are going about speaking of a man behind his back, that, I would not say to his face. What I have to say, to you or any other man I am not afraid to say to his face. I am no slanderer or defamer of men's characters behind their backs, these belong to cowards and not to gentlemen. I wish no difficulty with you at all, and since you refused to hear any explanation of the matter, I intend to have nothing further to do with it, pro or con. As for your threat or warning, I totally disregard it, I am not one of those that can be intimidated from my regular course of business.

J. T. HUDDNALL.

On Tuesday the 4th, inst., being the day of the election, I was in Falmouth, and made an enquiry as to who were the Judges of the election, Judge Hudnall, being one of the number, in a very insinuating and ungentlemanly manner remarked, that he had that matter "fixed up." I then said I asked a civil question and expected a civil answer, some one by remarked that Mr. Hall, and Mr. Woodson, were the judges. Judge Hudnall said they were not, that he had objections to the latter, that Mr. Young would act in his stead; he then addressed me in an insinuating manner as before, saying at the same time he was a very good one, I asked him who had disputed it. He then flew into a "pet" and remarked that when I run against him, I run against a man, ("a snag") and made use of language that modesty and respect for those who may read this forbids me repeating.

It was such however that you frequently hear rude boys make use of in their contentions, and which a county Judge should disdain to make use of, if not through respect for himself at least for the position he occupies, and the people he represents in the capacity of county Judge. It is not the first time that Judge Hudnall has forgot his position and respect for the public. He no longer than two months ago, made this declaration on the street, "that he would do all in his power right or wrong, honorable, or dishonorable against the American party."

This comes from a county Judge, a man filling an honorable and important position. A man is excusable by a moment of excitement if he does a wrong thing, but, when it is of such frequent occurrence it becomes odious and disrespectful, and for which there is no

excuse. Judge Hudnall then walked off and remarked that he could, and would hurt my feelings. I am aware of the manner and cowardly manner in which he thought to do it, and I here renew the warning or threat as he has seen fit to term it, never to hurt my feelings in the manner he intimated, or mention in my hearing what he insinuated, as I shall resent it as I would an attack upon my person let the consequences be what they may. He said that I seemed to dictate to him rather more than I ought. When sir, have I ever made the slightest attempt to dictate to you? Never sir, this is an assertion which is false, and will not answer your purpose, it will not be of any service to you. Sir, in what manner did you approach me to make any explanations or acknowledgements? Did you come to me as was your duty and say you had acted hastily and wished to set the matter right? If you had it would have been all right, and I could have given you my hand, but sir, you came to the store you named on business, and by accident met with me there and beconed to me. Was this the way to approach a person who was still laboring under the excitement you had occasioned? How did I know what you wanted? No sir, I do not understand your becks or nods, if you feel that you have done wrong come out like a man of honor, and acknowledge it, if not, justify yourself as you approached me in the manner you did. I refused to follow you or hear you. You offered me your hand, I refused it because I had been wronged publicly, and I expected an acknowledgement. These sir, are my reasons for refusing to hear you.—If a man wrongs me and acknowledges it and regrets it, no one is more willing or anxious than I to receive his hand.—If I wrong a person I am always anxious to make amends. You acknowledge you wronged me but say it is your privilege. You say you are not the man to be intimidated. I do not suppose you are. No sir, would I if it was possible, but sir, you seem to be somewhat bold in your letter of the 10th, inst.—I am glad I have to deal with a man who is responsible for what he says, and his actions, I, like yourself wish no difficulty with you and would prefer to settle this matter peaceably. I ask no more than what is just and honorable, and whenever you acced that to me I am satisfied, and whenever you prove that you have respect for yourself as a gentleman and respect for the position you occupy, and respect for the feelings of others, then I am willing to respect you as an older person than myself, and as a man occupying an honorable position.

GEO. W. SWOPE.

PERSONAL APPEARANCE OF JOHN HANCOCK.—One who saw John Hancock in June, 1782, relates that he had the appearance of an advanced age. He had been repeatedly and severely afflicted with gout, probably owing in part to the custom of drinking punch—a common practice in high circles in those days. As recollect at this time, Hancock was nearly six feet in height and of thin person, stooping a little, and apparently enfeebled by disease. His manners were very gracious, of the old style, a dignified complaisance. His face had been very handsome. Dress was adapted quite as much to the ornamental as useful. Gentlemen wore wigs when abroad, and commonly caps when at home. At this time, about noon, Hancock was dressed in a red velvet cap, within which was one of fine linen. The latter was turned up over the lower edge of the velvet one two or three inches. He wore a blue damask gown lined with silk, a white embroidered waistcoat, black satin small-clothes, with silk stockings and red morocco slippers. It was a general practice in genteel families to have a tankard of punch made in the morning, and placed in a cooler when the season required it. At this visit Hancock took from the cooler standing on the hearth a full tankard, and drank first himself, and then offered it to those present. His equipage was splendid, and such as is not common at this day. His apparel was sumptuously embroidered with gold, silver lace, and other decorations fashionable among men of fortune of that period, and he rode, especially upon public occasions, with six beautiful bay horses attended by servants in livery. He wore a scarlet coat, with ruffles on his sleeves, which soon became the prevailing fashion.

HORSE SHOES ON A NEW PRINCIPLE.—A Philadelphia mechanic has constructed a horse shoe in such a manner that it requires no nails and can be put on by any one without the aid of a blacksmith. Attached to the shoe is a flange extending around the hoof, and at the back of the shoe, which lies over the frog of the horse's foot, is a joint, held in its place by a screw, which allows the shoe to open and close, so as to accommodate itself to the size of the hoof. Between the hoof and the plate is placed a layer of gutta percha, for the purpose of preventing injury to the hoof or leg of the horse by concussion, while running over hard roads or streets. The mechanism is very simple, and the cost much below that of ordinary shoes.

From the Kentucky Stateman.  
STATE NORMAL SCHOOL.  
PREPARED FOR THE KENTUCKY STATEMAN  
BY JAMES COMBS.

Below we give the names of those who are attending the State Normal School, and have been appointed by the Commissioners of their respective counties:

Adair—Wm. Holladay.  
Allen—None yet.  
Anderson—L. Gaines.  
Boyle—None yet.  
Bracken—Issa Reese.  
Bullitt—J. R. Morgan.

Bourbon—None yet.  
Barren—None yet.  
Breckinridge—Returned home.  
Breathitt—Jas. Combs.  
Ballard—Wm. Bishop.  
Bath—Robt. Wylie.  
Butler—P. W. Phelps.  
Campbell—None yet.  
Caldwell—None yet.  
Christian—W. D. Boon.  
Clarke—R. R. Rush.  
Carroll—None yet.  
Casey—M. W. Wolford.  
Clinton—R. M. Wood.  
Cumberland—None yet.  
Carter—T. F. Motley.  
Crittenden—J. M. Shanks.  
Calloway—F. Wilkinson.  
Clay—Austin Reid.  
Davies—H. T. Monarch.  
Edmonson—A. J. Woosley.  
Estill—J. Benton.  
Franklin—O. S. Hawkins.  
Fayette—T. Milton, and J. H. Bowls.  
Floyd—Wm. Hawkworth.  
Fleming—Returned home.  
Fulton—P. W. Willingham.  
Gallatin—R. J. Craig.  
Graves—P. M. Wilkinson.  
Greenup—F. Warring.  
Grant—M. B. Lewis.  
Grayson—Quit School.  
Garrard—B. F. Thornton.  
Groene—None yet.  
Hopkins—F. L. Wilson.  
Henderson—C. Bailey.  
Hardin—G. H. Kurtz.  
Hancock—John Henry.  
Henry—J. P. Campbell.  
Harlan—G. W. Little.  
Hart—C. W. Smith.  
Harrison—J. M. Rogers.  
Hickman—None yet.  
Jessamine—J. W. Campbell.  
Jefferson—L. J. Hall.  
Johnson—J. C. Walters.  
Louisville—J. J. Fisher, R. Gaithright.  
J. C. A. and C. W. Levi.  
Kenton—None yet.  
Knox—J. H. Davis.  
Larue—W. P. Robertson.  
Letcher—S. Johnson.  
Laurel—W. H. Jackson.  
Lincoln—Wm. Baster.  
Lewis—None yet.  
Lawrence—R. W. Preston.  
Logan—J. E. Ayres.  
Livington—None yet.  
Lyon—None yet.  
Muhlenburg—M. J. Roke.  
Madison—T. Owings and Thomas Rowling.  
Montgomery—J. R. Garnett.  
Mercer—B. F. Curring.  
Marion—J. G. Berry.  
Marshall—None yet.  
McCracken—J. R. Roland.  
Meade—J. Willitt.  
Monroe—J. W. Count.  
Morgan—J. E. Cooker.  
Mason—J. H. Masterson.  
McLean—J. H. Harker.  
Nicholas—W. F. Rogers.  
Nelson—None yet.  
Owen—None yet.  
Oldham—None yet.  
Ohio—W. P. Lampton.  
Owsley—G. W. Daniel.  
Perry—Returned home.  
Pulaski—J. L. Barber.  
Pike—J. W. Reynolds.  
Pendleton—N. F. Field.  
Powell—D. Eley.  
Russell—J. W. wheat.  
Rockcastle—J. E. Smith.  
Rowan—James Johnson.  
Simpson—None yet.  
Shelby—W. J. Hamlin, and H. C. Kienmer.  
Scott—None yet.  
Spencer—H. C. Mathias.  
Todd—None yet.  
Taylor—None yet.  
Trigg—Thomas Jefferson.  
Trimble—D. B. Ward.  
Union—J. G. carry.  
Woodford—H. A. Hedger.  
Wayne—L. W. Morrow.  
Warren—E. M. Gillmore.  
Whitley—L. Laforce.  
Washington—B. F. Ewing.

#### A PERFUMED BREATHT!

WHAT Lady or Gentleman would remain under the Curse of a disagreeable breath when it is known that a few drops of

"BALM OF A THOUSAND FLOWERS."

as a dentifice would not only render it sweet but leave the teeth white as alabaster. Many persons do not know their value, and the subject is often decried as a delusion that will never mention it. Pour a single drop of the "Balm" on your tooth brush and wash the teeth night and morning. A fifty cent bottle will last a year.

A BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION may easily be acquired by using the

"BALM OF A THOUSAND FLOWERS."

It will remove tan, pimples, and freckles from the skin leaving it of a soft and roseate hue. Wet a towel, pour on it a few drops of the "Balm" and rub the towel well, and it will have a beautiful lather, which facilitates the operation of shaving. Price only 50 cents.

SHAVING ASHES.—Wet your shaving-brush in either warm or cold water, pour on two or three drops of "BALM OF A THOUSAND FLOWERS," rub the beard well, and it will have a beautiful lather, which facilitates the operation of shaving. Price only 50 cents.

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I will sell 25 or 30 acres of ground at Breckinridge Station, Admirably located and suited for a Nursery, for Fruit Trees and a general Horticultural business.

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OF THE  
SEAS.

I HAVE just completed an arrangement to receive fresh Oysters DAILY by Addam's Express. Commencing on Friday, Oct 3rd.

Oysters will be served up in every style at my Rooms, and families supplied either by the Can or Dozen at a reasonable price.

An early call from every lover of this luxury is respectfully solicited by

F. FALK.

Oct '56-15.

THE cheapest and best Prime Rio and Old Govern ment Java Coffee, for sale by

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